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Northern Messenger

Allen Killam 2nd

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King Robert's Debt.

(S. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'After my death, take my heart from my body, carry it to Jerusalem, and bury it in the Holy Sepulchre.'

So spake a dying man, well nigh six hundred years ago, in days when the truth of God had become much dimmed by the imaginations of men. During the darkness of the Middle Ages, to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or to attempt a crusade in that direction, to champion the cause of the oppressed, was considered a deed most pleasing to God.

This dying man was none other than King Robert Bruce of Scotland, who had long desired to go to the Holy Land, but, so far, the affairs of his country had prevented it. Now he realised that his stormy life was drawing to a close, and that he would never set forth for the earthly Jerusalem.

'But,' said he, 'it's a debt to my Saviour. Fail not to carry my heart to the Holy Sepulchre after my death.'

The friend to whom this charge was given, Sir James Douglas, did his best to carry out the dying request of his sovereign. The heart was embalmed, placed in a silver casket, and hung by a silver chain round the neck of the noble knight. But Sir James was killed near Gibraltar, upon his way to Jerusalem, whilst attempting to save the life of Sir William Clare, who was fighting the Moors, which was also reckoned a kind of crusade.

The casket containing King Robert's heart was brought back to Scotland, and was buried in the beautiful Abbey at Melrose, although King Robert's body is resting at Dumfermline, the Westminster of Scotland.

In these days we know that the Saviour, Who gave Himself for us, does not desire that for love of Him we should fight our way to Jerusalem below. We have clearer light, and for this we praise God. But our debt is the greater on account of this clearer light. And is it not best discharged, first of all, by accepting the eternal life, in all its fulness, which is offered as a precious fruit of His blood shedding? Is not this debt most fully acknowledged by deeds of love to all for whom He died?

'How much owest thou unto my Lord?' is a question that each may apply to Himself. What are we doing to discharge the debt to the Saviour that also lay upon the heart of King Robert the Bruce?

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Dear Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Why Didn't You Tell Me?

A little boy was born blind. When he grew up, his mother took him to an eminent specialist, who performed an operation. One day when the bandages were removed the boy could see. It was spring-time, and his mother took him outside, and as he looked at the beauty by which he was surrounded, he cried out, 'Oh mother! why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?'

So it is with the person whose spiritual eyesight has been restored by the Spirit of God. We marvel that it is all so wonderful, and why we have never seen it before.

A Tramp's Conversion.

As a blind man sat by the roadside reading from his Braille Bible in a loud voice, a tramp leant against the fence and listened. He had not always been in the state he was in then, for drink and sin had brought him down. 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary,' read out the blind man. 'Weary!' echoed the vagrant; 'that's me, I reckon.' 'And I will give you rest,' finished the reader. The man knew well whose words they were, for had not his good mother read them to him in the ago of happy days which had not foreshadowed these? He heard no more of the reading, for he was engrossed with thoughts of his mother's prayers and of the God whose laws he had broken. He shuffled along the street with downcast eyes, but a new hope and resolve stirred in his heart. He was weary of sin and a dissolute life. Was it too late to change it now? 'All that are weary.' That included him. Humbly and penitently he prayed to be forgiven, and to be helped to live a better life. It was hard at first; but, step by step, he persevered, and, with God's help, found work; and, forsaking drink and other sins, joined a little mission church, whose members stretched out helping hands to all in need.—'Christian Herald.'

Fading and Unfading Crowns.

Isa. xxviii., 1-7; I. Cor. ix., 24-27; I. Pet. v., 4.

(F. B. M., in the 'Christian.')

There were hard drinkers in the northern kingdoms of the twelve tribes. Upon these drunkards, soaked and stunned with wine, Isaiah fastens his woe. The sunny sky, the balmy air, the flowers on which they have stretched themselves at the head of their fat valleys, bespeak a land of perpetual summer. In their false security the drunkards weave for themselves crowns of pride, and gratify their passion for drink to the point of surfeit. Then God's swift storm drives up the valley. A dense mist of rain and hail—the rain and hail of judgment, destroying flowers and wreaths, and the bodies of the self-indulgent drinkers.

The Prophet, in this striking imagery, en-

deavors to rob passion of the glamor which often gathers around its indulgence, to strip luxury and sensual gratification of their attractiveness, and to show how irresistible God's judgments are. In every age the prophet has lifted up his voice to show the physical disaster that follows swinish indulgence. God is never without witnesses to declare that 'the wages of sin is death,' in order that man may feel ashamed and seek Divine help. It is not enough to realize that the sensual life is a failure, the sinful soul must be led to see the power that there is in the All-Conquering Christ to deliver it from the power of corruption, and translate it into the kingdom of God.

It is a striking contrast to turn from the fading flowers on the heads of drunken men and women revelling in their cups, to the other crowns spoken of in the New Testament. Take, for instance, that for which the Apostle strove. He recalls the picture of the ancient games in which men run in a race, and strive in wrestling matches to win a crown of parsley or laurel which was their only reward. With us, cups and pieces of silver plate are offered to those who succeed in rowing or races; but with the Greeks, the simple circlet of leaves or flowers was all the reward offered to the successful competitors. The Apostle, however, was looking for something more lasting and permanent. He had his eye upon the incorruptible crown.

And what was that crown? in II. Tim. iv., 8 it is called a crown of righteousness; in James i., 12 a crown of life; in I. Peter v., 4 a crown of glory (see also Rev. iii., 10). The Lord wore a crown of thorns that He might give us the unfading crown of glory and honor.

What does it really mean, however, when we are told that we shall have crowns? Are we not meant to understand that some day God our Father will stoop over us and say He is pleased, and will call us into the inner circle and compel those who have hated and persecuted us, as well as those who have loved, to acknowledge that our life has not been the failure that they thought; that He has recognised its worth; that He considers that it stood out among other lives as worthy of his special recognition. I am not sure that we shall care for front places in heaven, for crowns or thrones in the same way that men care for them down here, for purposes of ostentation and pride. We shall only be glad that God approves us, and that we shall have the opportunity of serving Him better in that great world to which we go.

I am very fond of these verses, which will show, I think, better than my words can, how we shall feel when we enter the Father's presence:

Do you think that I fear you, Goodman Death?
Then, sir, you do not know;
For your grim white face and your frosty breath,
And your dark eyes browed with snow,
Bring naught to me but a signal of love,
My Father sent you; He dwelleth above,
And I am ready to go.

Please steady me into your little boat,
Your arm—yes, thank you, there,
I think when we are well afloat,
I'll sleep if you do not care.
If I'm not awake when we reach the shore,
Tell the Father I stayed till the battle was o'er,
And tried to do my share.

Converts Fearless of Being Eaten.

The Rev. Frederick Langham, who was for nearly forty years a Wesleyan missionary in Fiji, said that Lord Stanmore, who was their Governor in the early days, had stated in public that he had listened to as good sermons from the black preachers of the Fiji Islands as he had from white ministers. 'I shall never forget going on board the "John Wesley" to see the teachers and their wives who were going to a distant island. It was just after we had heard of the massacre of an old colleague of mine, a native minister, and also of a young man whom we always spoke of as the most gentlemanly young Fijian we had met. Of course we released the volunteers, but not one of them drew back. When I went to see their quarters I professed not to know what they were doing there. I said, "What are you women doing on board the mission ship?" They looked at me with surprise. "Why," they answered, "we are going to New Britain." "Going to New Britain," I said, "where Silas and Benjamin and two others were killed and eaten?" "Well, what of that?" was their reply. "Did not the missionaries come to us when we did the same? Shall we be unwilling to go down yonder? No; our husbands are going, and we will go. If it becomes necessary for us to lay down our lives, we are prepared to do so."'

Work in Labrador.

LATER WORD FROM HARRINGTON.

(Nurse Mayou, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.')

Harrington Harbor, June 3, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I felt that I must write and tell you of a splendid piece of news that Miss Mackenzie, the superintendent of the Victorian Order, told me in her last letter. She showed to Sir William Macdonald a letter of mine in which I had mentioned some unsatisfied wants; he at once said 'I will send the magic lantern and the baby organ,' and they are to come by the first steamer, which we expect will be here about the middle of the month. Both the organ and the lantern will be great aids in our winter educational schemes, for words without pictures convey so little idea to uneducated minds and especially to those who have never seen the thousand-and-one common objects, which are as A B C to us. We, that is to say, Doctor and Mrs. Hare, the Rev. H. H. Corey, Mr. McDonald, the Presbyterian school teacher, Robert Bobbitt, of Harrington, and I, formed what we grandly called 'The Harrington Literary Society.' We have had a weekly meeting, open to the public. A subject was chosen on which one member read a paper, each of the others contributing something bearing on the theme; and we trained the children to give dialogues and songs. The meetings were very well attended and much appreciated, for the people are really anxious to learn. The only drawback was the lack of room and consequent overcrowding and stuffiness. The two school houses are both too small, and we have nothing larger than the patients' dining room. We can seat eighty-four on benches, but when our audiences outnumbered that, some had to be nursed and others perched on the window ledges and book shelves. I am afraid that when we have our lantern some will have to be refused admission. I wish that some good fairy would stretch out a wand and raise for us a Mission Hall in which we could have meetings, classes, entertainments, etc. We should not want anything grandly architectural. I believe $600 would build it and do a little towards furnishing the chairs, lamps, and stove. It would be a splendid way, too, of giving the men work after the fishing is over and there is nothing else that they can do. They all build their own houses here, and many of them are quite good carpenters. People have been so generous about supplying all our other needs, and thereby making our work here more effectual, that I feel perfectly confident that we have but to make known our urgent need for a building large enough to hold those we should like to instruct and amuse, for us to shortly hear the hammering and see its wooden walls quickly rising.

It is most encouraging to have one's wishes fulfilled so promptly and often so generously; it enables us to make Harrington such a power for good and a centre of usefulness. We have a splendid lot of books sent through Miss Allen by the Aberdeen Society and Victoria League, as well as by individual friends, a Victor gramophone Dr. Grenfell brought us from England, an accordion sent by a Montreal friend, and now the magic lantern and the baby organ. The 'Witness' has worked hard and faithfully to get us a launch large enough for the Doctor to bring patients in which we hope to have this summer*; my friends in London, Quebec, St. Catharines, and Hamilton, responded so generously to my request for flower and vegetable seeds that I had enough to put into three hundred and ninety little envelopes that I made and distributed. I have been truly sowing seed broadcast, and have succeeded in arousing interest and enthusiasm; there is going to be a great deal of competition for the prizes. A great deal of interest is being taken in the growth of the seeds; it was quite pathetic to find that the people had never had any money to spend on flower seeds and did not know the very simplest. I want so much to introduce more vegetables and improve their dietary. A diet of salt fish, tea and molasses, does not make very rich blood. The predisposing cause of nearly all the diseases is a chronic state of semi-starvation. The splendid lot of dried fruits sent by Mr. Patterson has been such a help to me for my patients, both in and out of the hospital. I am sure you would be amused if you could see my garden tools, an old broom handle stuck into a piece of wood studded with nails is the rake, the furnace coal shovel, the spade, an old tomato tin punched with holes the watering can, and the side of an old tin box, shaped into a scoop, the trowel. We improvise and substitute all kinds of things on the Labrador.

Mr. W. J. Reid, of London, is sendng me raffia for my next winter's class, and Miss White tells me she is sending me some rattan and raffia. I am so glad, for the children enjoyed the basket-making so much. I had to stop sooner than I wished, for lack of material.

The cooking lessons—I gave twenty-four—were so much appreciated by the girls that their brothers were envious and thought that their sisters were having all the advantages. So I have promised to take the young men next winter; they often have to be away in the woods a long way off for a week or more at a time, and not knowing how to cook anything better, put some flour mixed with water in a pan of warm fat, and when they have eaten it wonder why they have indigestion. The women very much appreciate the nursing demonstrations and the cup of tea that I give them afterwards. I gave them one afternoon the treatment of the drowned. They thought the boys ought to know it, too, so I gave it one evening to twenty-five, and as the men have asked me to give it to them, I have promised to do so next Tuesday.

Twenty-six girls come to my sewing-class; they have been very much interested in their samplers, doll's clothes, knitting and crochet work.

We received last week by the Quebec schooner the barrels and boxes which the Montreal Committee sent last December, and which have been at Esquimaux Point all the winter, as no steamer comes here after the beginning of November. The contents of some were wet. Everything should be protected by papers at the top, bottom and sides, for all have to be landed and rowed for some distance in an open boat, and it is often very rough.

Yours sincerely,
EDITH MAYOU.

* Dr. Grenfell told us he would order the new launch up to Harrington at once, so the hope will have been fulfilled.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Miss Alice Holland, Westmount, Que., $1.00; A. L. Riggins, St. Catharine, $5.00; W. H., Somenos, B.C., 25cts.; Mrs. C. K. Taylor, Blythe, $1.00; Wakefield Band of Hope, per C. M. York, $5.00; James M. Dougall, P.M., Blakeney, Ont., $1.70; Total.. .. ..$ 13.95

Received for the cots:—'Little Helpers' Club,' per Elsie F. Layton, treasurer, $2.10; Total.. .. ..$ 2.10

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$468.09

Total on hand August 18.. .. .. ..$484.14

We have also received for other special work in which Dr. Grenfell is interested from 'In His Name,' Mitchell, Ont.. .. ..$1.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1909.

Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Closing Scenes.

Acts xxi., 1-17. Memory verses 13, 14.

Golden Text.

The will of the Lord be done. Acts xxi., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 6.—Acts xxi., 1-17.
Tuesday, September 7.—Acts vi., 1-7.
Wednesday, September 8.—Acts xi., 22-30.
Thursday, September 9.—Mark viii., 31-38.
Friday, September 10.—Luke vi., 17-23.
Saturday, September 11.—Luke xviii., 28-34.
Sunday, September 12.—Phil. i., 12-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who remembers what our last Sunday's lesson was about? About Paul's saying good-by to his dear friends at Ephesus. Was he going on a very pleasant trip to have a summer holiday like so many of us have had so lately? No, he was going to Jerusalem where he had a great many enemies and where he had been warned that he would be put into chains and into prison. Why then, do you think he was so earnest about going? He felt God wanted him to go, and he wanted to go wherever God wanted him to go. So as soon as his ship was ready he got on board and they sailed away. Do you remember one person who was with Paul now all the time? It was a doctor, Luke, who was a very dear friend of Paul's, and it was this very Luke who wrote the story we are studying to-day. He remembered all about that voyage that he took with Paul, and tells us the names of the different places he stopped at. A great many of these places were very interesting but Paul didn't want to stop and look at any of them. But at one place the ship they were on had to stop for seven days, so Paul and his friends got off and went on shore to see some of the Christians there.

FOR THE SENIORS.

That 'God and one is a majority' was proved by Paul on this trip to Jerusalem. He was certain that God was with him, therefore all the persuasions of friends and the plottings of enemies could not convince him that the journey to Jerusalem was unwise. His mission was to draw together the two branches of the Christian church, Jewish and Gentile, and he had in his charge the collection that had been made in Europe and Asia for the poor Christians in Jerusalem. Both these duties might have been delegated to others, but he could not divest himself of the feeling that it was God's will that he should go himself. As the end came in sight and still the prophecies were only of bonds and imprisonment, the thought of what the apostle might have to suffer so worked on the minds of even his immediate party that they joined the general chorus of dissuasion, but without avail. They might break the loving heart of the apostle by their grief, but they could not break his firm determination to follow the guiding hand of God, lead where He might. The resignation of his friend in saying 'the will of the Lord be done' serves to prove that they acknowledged Paul to be led by God, although in their loving solicitude they had previously taken the warnings of bonds and imprisonment to mean that Paul should not go on up to Jerusalem. This return of the apostle to Syria and the coming into touch again with the old places and names well known in the earlier history of the church, Philip (Acts vi., 5; viii., 5-40), Agabus (Acts xi., 27, 28), James, is of great interest. Paul is returning not only to the scenes of his early labors but to those scenes of his earlier enmity to Christ and the church. Bonds and imprisonment in Jerusalem would bring to his mind more than the thought of his own future sufferings (Acts viii., 3; ix., 1, 2). However, he entered the city in no foolish spirit of bravado, and his attempt to avoid all offense was marked. There was nothing of the rash or foolhardy about St. Paul.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 3.—'The ship was to unlade her burden.' To the skipper's eye cargo was the important thing; the little Jew passenger and his company were of small account. How blind we are, and how little we know what is great and what is small! How trivial material interests swell themselves out and loom large! How astonished that sailor would have been if he had been told that his passenger was the most important man in the world at that moment, and that his vessel would be remembered forever because that Jew had trod her deck! Alexander Maclaren, in 'Expositions of the Book of Acts.'

Verse 12.—When Robert Moffatt went to Cape Town on his way to Namaqualand, he was there urged to give up his vain attempt to convert those savages. The government at Cape Town had offered $500 for the arrest or death of a Hottentot chief called Africaner, who with several hundred followers was the terror of the Dutch farmers in that section. He would certainly be killed, his skin would be used for drum-heads, his skull for a drinking-cup. 'Were you an old man, it would not matter, for you would soon have died anyway,' one kindly old woman told him, 'but you are so young, and you are going to be a prey to that monster!' Like Paul, Moffatt persisted in his purpose, and a year later he took Africaner with him to Cape Town to show the government officials that they need no longer fear him, as he had become a Christian.

Verse 13.—'I am ready to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.' What do you think is the characteristic word for the description of Paul? Mr. Spurgeon said the word was 'ready,' 'Paul the Ready.' You know what he said to the people at Rome: 'I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.' It was the position of peril, but he was ready, ready for service. And in the letter that he wrote to Timothy, writing it as an old and broken man in a damp dungeon and in darkness, he said, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.'—W. W. More, in 'Record of Christian Work.'

Verse 15.—'We went up to Jerusalem.' Never had Paul gone to Jerusalem without a heart full of emotion—neither in those early years, when he came an enthusiastic boy from Tarsus to the school of Gamaliel—nor on his return from Damascus, after the greatest change that could have passed over an inquisitor's mind,—nor when he went with Barnabas from Antioch to the Council, which was to decide an anxious controversy. Now he went to Jerusalem calmly and resolutely, though doubtful of his reception among the Christian brethren, and not knowing what would happen on the morrow.—Conybeare and Howson, in 'Life and Epistle of St. Paul.'

We are not right until we can pray heartily, nor say submissively, 'Thy will be done!' —George Macdonald.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves no time for disputing about His plans.—George Macdonald.

The man who spreads depression and breeds discouragement ought to be ostracized.—Lyman Abbott.

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.

None are more forbidable instruments of temptation than well-meaning friends who care more for our comfort than for our character. —A. B. Bruce.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 12.—Topic—Contented all the time. Phil. iv., 11, 12.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 6.—Self-repression. Rom. xiii., 11-14.

Tuesday, September 7.—Denial of lawful things. Matt. v., 29, 30.

Wednesday, September 8.—Excess is slavery. I. Cor. vi., 9-20.

Thursday, September 9.—Dangers of excess. Jude 10-16.

Friday, September 10.—Sober advice. Tit. ii., 2-12.

Saturday, September 11.—Using, not abusing. I. Cor. vii., 22-24, 29-31.

Sunday, September 12.—Topic—Temperance in all things. I. Cor. ix., 23-27.

Religious News.

The recently compiled statistics of the Y. M. C. A. shows that there are now 7,822 Associations with 821,209 members, 2,973 employed secretaries, physical, educational, boys' industrial and special directors. The employment of trained secretaries is largely responsible for the Association's growth in America. While Germany has the largest number of Associations (1,900), and North America has 1,939, the members of the German branches number 117,682, and of the American 446,032. The Germans have 131 secretaries, and the Americans, 2,476; the Germans 135 buildings worth $2,400,000; America has property worth over $40,000,000. The Y. M. C. A. now has branches in every country on earth and in nearly every large city, commercial center and seaport, having more than doubled its membership and organizations in the Orient in the past few years.

The Student Volunteer Movement seems to have a deepening hold upon the student body of the country. 'The Intercollegian' for March gives the names of 379 volunteers for work in the foreign field, 326 of whom had sailed during 1908. These volunteers are connected with forty-seven missionary agencies, and are to be found working in Africa, China, India, Burma, Japan, Corea, South America, Turkey, Alaska, Philippines, West Indies, Mexico and Arabia. The total number who have sailed since the movement began is 3,861. These missionaries are connected with the Volunteer Movement, but it must not be supposed for a moment that they are the only volunteers. Many others are just as truly volunteers, although not connected with this body.

The president of the National Temperance Society assures us that half of America is now 'dry.' There is little doubt that the people are becoming aroused to the enormity of the drink evil, and this is nowhere more clearly seen than in the 'coercive prohibition' exercised by many large corporations. We quote from the report of the National Temperance Society in this connection: 'It is encouraging to observe that the great industries also are beginning to realize the importance of a proper attitude toward the drink habit. Our leading railroads are passing aggressive laws against tippling employees. Many of them have issued orders declaring that employees must not touch liquor off duty any more than on duty, under peril of immediate dismissal.' —'Episcopal Recorder.'

A number of British officials in India have borne witness to the character and ability of missionaries in that great portion of the British Empire. The latest, perhaps, is that of Sir Andrew Fraser, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, who in an address before the great 'Missions in India' meeting in London recently said:

I have served in two provinces, and I have known as many missionaries as possible in both. I have gone in commissions under government over the whole of India, and visited every province and many native states, and in every place I have become acquainted with the missionaries. I claim for a layman an exceptional right to speak in regard to missions. I throw myself with all my weight into the class of witnesses who come to speak with thankfulness to God of what they have seen in the past, and hopefulness in regard to the future.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

'I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am an interested reader of the Correspondence Page of the 'Messenger,' a paper which I like very much. I would like very much to join the Royal League of Kindness, which I think is a very nice League to belong to. I live on a farm of but eighty acres, but it is quite big enough to suit me. We have eight kittens and two cats. We have two horses, Frank and Jess, who are very fond of each other.

MAY WALLIS.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. We live on a farm of 200 acres. My papa has a saw mill. He is away sawing now. I have five brothers and no sisters. We live near a lake and it is a very pretty place in summer. All kinds of fruit grow in this part of the country. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness.

LIZZIE G.

[We shall be glad to have you join the R. L. K., Lizzie and May. Just write out the pledge, each of you, sign your name to it and send it in to us. That will make you members. Ed.]

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I have a pet cow that is two years old. We have two dogs. There are six of us. I have ten aunts and eleven uncles I have ten girl cousins. We have two little colts.

S. JEANNETTE D.

[This letter was written by a little girl who has the use of only one hand and has been to school but eight months. Good for you, Jeannette. Ed.]

R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I live by the seashore. I have one sister and three brothers. My sister is learning her trade, dressmaking. I go to school. I am in the Fifth Grade. I have a girl friend and she has a pony. We go driving in the afternoon. The train passes near our house. We have a mile to go to school and church. I go to the Congregational Church. Our pastor is the Reverend Mr. Sulston. I will close with a riddle: As I went down a dark dungeon I saw a great wonder; three pots boiling, and no fire under.

PEARL S.

R. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—When I go to Sunday School I get the 'Messenger.' I think it is a very good paper. I milk three cows, and my sisters milk cows, too. Sometime I hope to see this letter in print.

CHARLIE R.

P., N.B.

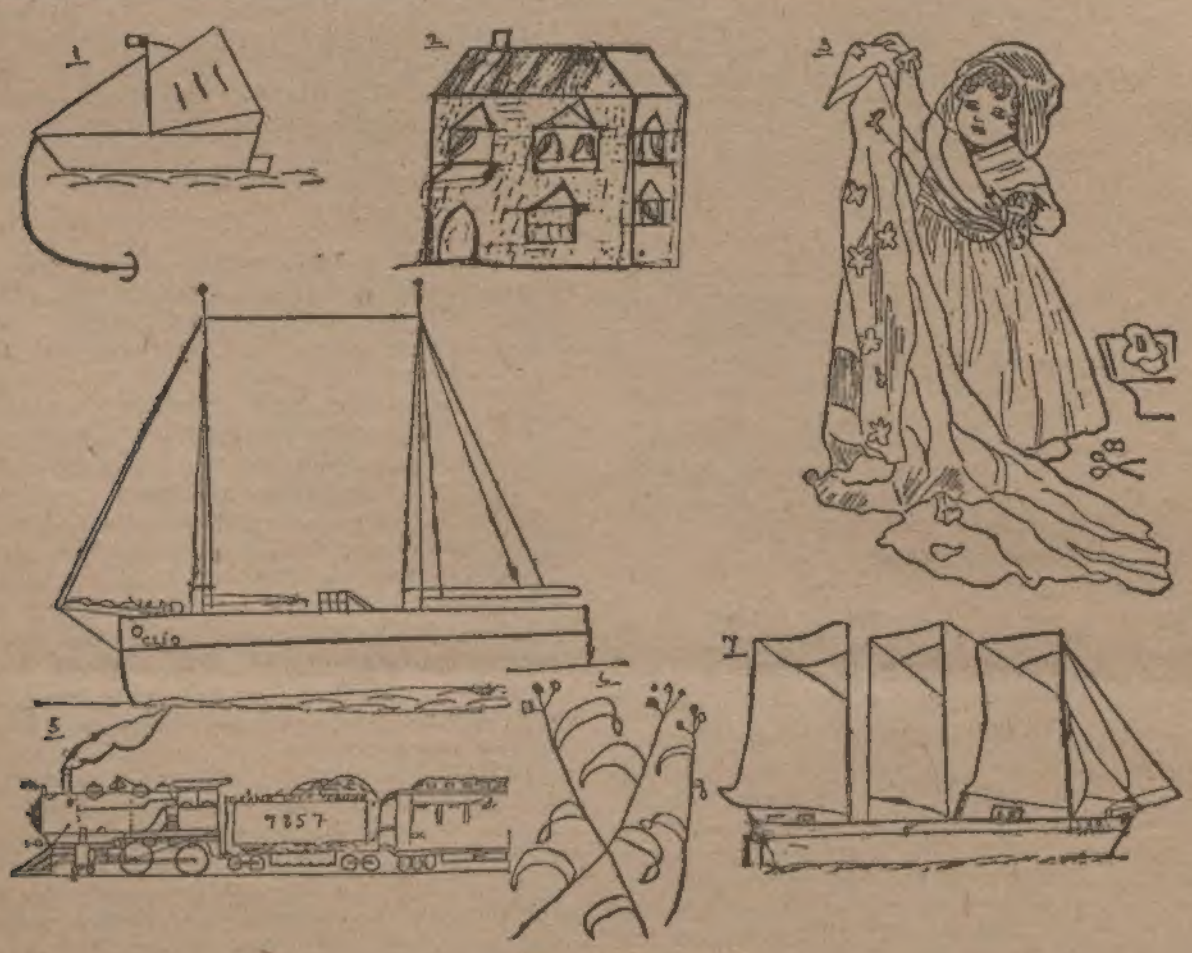
Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old and I have six sisters and one brother. My brother put up a swing and my sister Janie and I have a fine time swinging. We also have a good time running through the fields gathering daisies and buttercups, and hunting birds' nests.

NELLIE SOBEY.

H., E.J.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it very fine. I get it through the Sunday School. I am well pleased with it. We live in the country and have a farm. We are busy haymaking now. I think I'll close for this time. By-and-by I'll send a riddle.

MURDOCK McK.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'My Ship.' By R. Gordon B. (age 6), B., S.C.

2. 'My Dolls' House.' By Dorothea A. (age 9), T., Ont.

3. 'Betsy Ross.' By Frederick R. B. (age 10), H., Ont.

4. 'Clio.' By Charles Ernest M., P. H., N.S.

5. 'The Express.' By Francis Theodore F. (age 15), M., P.Q.

6. 'Lily of the Valley Leaves.' By Annie T., C., Man.

7. 'A Ship.'

The New Boy's Motto.

After Halstead Murray and Roger Barnes left school they each applied for a place in the First National Bank in Hughestown, the small city where they lived. Roger got the place and came around to tell Halstead about it. 'Sorry for you, old fellow,' he said, cheerfully; 'but there was only one place, you see, and I had the pull. You know Mr. Stevens is one of the directors, and my uncle worked for him for years. Uncle Sam said a good word for me, and there I am.'

Mr. Murray was blacking his shoes when Halstead told him about Roger's visit. He finished the side of the shoe he was rubbing, and then, as he dipped his brush in the blacking box again, he asked with a quizzical smile, 'What did you say to that?'

'Why,' Hal laughed a little, 'I said I was glad for him. That was all. There seemed to be nothing else to say.'

'That's right,' said the father as he fell to rubbing the second shoe. 'We'll have to try to catch hold of some other rope, boy.'

But no other opening appeared, and Halstead was feeling rather blue, when he received a card asking him to call at the bank one day. He went promptly, and came back with the great news that Roger had left and he was engaged in Roger's place.

A week afterward he found his Cousin Clara at the table when he came home, a little late, to dinner. 'How's banking?' she began.

'I can only tell you about ice banks,' returned Hal, cutting his beef soberly. 'I'm an ice chopper, ma'am. Been at it all morning.'

Clara looked puzzled. 'Why, your mother said you'd gone into the First National. What do you mean?'

'I'm hardly in,' he said. 'I'm rather an outside clearing house. It's stormed nearly all the time for a week, you know, and my part of the banking business is to keep the bank steps and sidewalks cleared.'

Clara smiled. 'I see,' she said, 'beginning at the lowest round, and all that sort of thing. Too low down for Roger, wasn't it?'

'Roger says,' replied Hal, 'that he told Mr. Peters that he could shovel snow anywhere. He came here to learn banking.'

'How about you?' Clara persisted.

Halstead hesitated. Then he opened his watch at the back and passed it across the table. Engraved on the inner cover were the words, 'Obey orders.' 'Father and mother had that put on when they gave me the watch, two years ago,' he said.—Selected.

Much Talk—Little Training.

'He is always so positive!'

'And always so inaccurate,' added the other.

The young man in question had glibly aired his supposed knowledge on the subject of cabinet-making, and by any other man than the kindly old expert would have been openly 'set in his place.'

There is a certain crude and unlettered type of mind that cannot rest content with seeming to know about as much as, or even a little less than, other folks, but must from sheer personal vanity and brag try to appear to know more.

Real intelligence does not so 'behave itself unseemly.' It 'endureth all things,' even the crudeness of the ignorant, it 'believeth all things,' in the sense that it gives credit, or at least courtesy, to the thoughts of others, and it speaks with a modest voice, when it seems best and wise to speak. Deep and genuine learning is joined almost always to that charity that 'is not puffed up, and 'vaunteth not itself.'—'Christian Age.'

Sample Copies.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Standing Army.

(By Margaret Vandegrift.)

We have no standing army?
  Nay, look around and see!
The man who plows the furrow,
  The man who fells the tree,
The statesman and the scholar—
  At the first word of fear
Turn to their country, breathing,
  'My mother, I am here!'

Not of a dumb, blind people,
  Is this, our army made;
Where schoolhouse and where steeple
  Have cast their friendly shade.
Our army grows in knowledge,
  As it to manhood grows,
And trained in school and college,
  Stands ready for its foes.

The brawny arms of gunners
  Serve minds alert and keen;
The sailor's thought has travelled
  To lands he has not seen,
Not for the joy of killing,
  Not for the lust of strife,
Have these come forth with gladness
  To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army—
  Not as in other lands,
An army standing idle
  With empty minds and hands—
But each one in his station;
  And peaceful victory
Is training for the nation
  Heroes of land and sea.

—Selected.

Joan's Test.

(Freda Hudson, in the 'Otago Witness.')

'I'm a coward—a real, miserable, little coward! I always was, and I s'pose I always will be.' Doleful words to come from such a small speaker, for Joan was only 11—a slim, dark-haired child, with a pale and sweet but too sensitive face and wistful brown eyes.

'Of course you are,' cried another voice merrily, as her cousin danced up behind her in time to catch the words.

'Why, Joan, what are you up to—learning, history?'

'No,' said Joan, flushing and quickly pushing the book out of sight. Not for anything would she have confessed that she was doing penance, for whenever, in her own estimation, she had failed signally in any matter of bravery, she would creep away, get out a battered, old, illustrated history, and read determinedly the story of brave Joan of Arc, her far-back namesake, and look at the grim, old pictures of the Maid of Orleans, armor-clad, scaling fortresses, and calmly climbing perilous ladders, a white banner in one hand—the other waving encouragement to her followers.

'But it's no use,' the poor little reader would say sadly; 'they ought to have called me Dolly or Baby'—this with great contempt;—'it's ridiculous to have "Joan" for my name and yet be afraid of everything.'

'What do you want me for, Prue?' she asked now of her gay little cousin.

'It's uncle who wants you, Joan, not me. Nurse has gone home, and there's a poor little boy just been brought in hurt, and uncle says you can help hold things in the surgery.'

Joan's father was a clever doctor, whose great disappointment was that Joan was not a boy, who could follow in his steps. As it was, he tried his best to train and break in his young daughter to medical work in the hope of making her a lady doctor, or at least a nurse, some day. He was not very successful, however, for Joan absolutely shook in her shoes whenever she approached the surgery door.

'Why, surely you're not scared?' sniffed Prue. 'I only wish I had your chance of doing things. I'm going to be a doctor myself some day. Wont it look lovely to have my name on a brass plate on the door? "Dr. Prudence Bruce!"—it's a grand name for a doctor, people will think I'm awfully safe.'

Chattering away, she half pulled shrinking Joan into the surgery, where on a couch lay a ragged little chap, still and pale, a bundle of papers still clutched under one arm.

'Come here, Joan!' said her father, who was bending over examining the small, curly head, hanging so limply. 'Nurse Morgan has gone home, and I must have someone to hold the light and bandages while I fix this poor little man.'

Joan's heart began to thump; but she shook herself together, and drew near the couch.

There was nothing very dreadful to see. The small newsboy had been knocked down by a cab, and across his forehead ran a nasty cut, from which the blood trickled slowly down his unconscious face.

Not a sound was heard for some minutes but the doctor's low orders: 'Light this way, Joan!' 'Sponge, please!' 'Hand me the lint now!' and everything was so promptly supplied that the doctor never paused to glance at his little assistant's steadily-whitening face.

At last a low moan broke the silence as the boy's blue eyes opened slowly.

'Better now, my lad?' asked the doctor cheerfully. 'Lie still and don't talk. A glass of water, Joan. Why, child, what are you doing?' He turned just in time to snatch the candle as it slid from poor Joan's nerveless hand.

'I'm all right, father,' the child replied with an unsteady smile; 'if you've finished I'll go and see if your tea is ready.' She stumbled weakly from the room, followed by her father's voice of vexed contempt: 'You'll never make a soldier, Joan!'

(To be continued.)

The Best Day.

Some skies may be gloomy,
  Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always
  Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
  Proclaimed by the seer—
'Each day is the best day
  Of somebody's year.'

Each day finds a hero,
  Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to someone
  A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
  Or yours that is near,
'Each day is the best day
  Of somebody's year.'

The calendar sparkles
  With days that have brought
Some prize that was hoped for,
  Some good that was sought.
High deeds happen daily,
  Wide truths grow more clear;
'Each day is the best day
  Of somebody's year.'

No sun ever rises
  But leaves joy behind,
No sorrow in fetters
  The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting,
  How narrow our fear,
'Each day is the best day
  Of somebody's year.'

—'The Golden Rule.'

The Abiding Portion.

(William H. Hamby, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

'It is a very pretty theory,' said Johnson, 'but the facts are against it. Some good deeds do bring a reward, of course, but not all of them, not even half of them.'

'Yes,' said Harris, positively; 'every one.'

'Why, there are hundreds of cases that disprove it. The old fellow you were just asking about, old man Archer, is a living proof that your doctrine is pure nonsense.

'He is a skilled mechanic, makes from five to seven dollars a day, and I am positive that in the past twenty years he has given away fifteen thousand dollars of his wages. He is always doing good to somebody. Has it come back to him? Not a bit of it. Half of his time he has not even been thanked. I remember once a fellow who lived next door to him took down with the slow fever. Archer supported the family while he was sick, sat up half the nights after working all day, and when the fellow was well he got him two or three jobs, which he lost by his worthlessness. What was the result? Did the fellow fall on the old man's neck and weep with gratitude? No, sir; he stood at the yard fence and cursed Archer for two hours because he would not sign a note to raise money for a saloon license.'

'Let us go down to Archer's a little while,' suggested Harris. 'I have some word for him.'

It was dark down the unlighted street, and a cold wind was blowing. A bright light from the window of a modest cottage fell across the sidewalk.

'This is Archer's,' said Johnson.

'I surely am glad to see you,' said Archer, in a sincere, hearty voice, as he gave Harris' hand a grip. 'Have chairs.'

The large, homey sitting room, with the blazing logs in the open fireplace, seemed but a part of the radiant good-will and fellowship of the rugged, old man, with his black hair streaked with gray, his seamed face, and mild, brown eyes.

'Haven't seen you for some time, Johnson,' he said, cordially. 'You know that young Thompson we were talking about the last time you were here? Well, sir, he has a good job now and is just getting on fine. They have a comfortable little house, have bought some furniture, and are just comin' out first-rate. It would do you good to see how happy Molly and the kid is.'

'What became of Lawrence?' asked Johnson, with a doubting smile.

'He has gone to Topeka—got a job on the railroad. I had a letter from him last week, and he is getting straightened out just bully. I tell you, Johnson, there is something in that young fellow, and we'll all be proud of him some day.'

'Pay you that fifty?' asked Johnson, dryly.

'Half of it. He would have paid it all, but I wrote him not to cramp himself, as I wasn't in any particular need of the rest just now.'

'By the way, Mr. Harris, you remind me some of a Tommy Harris I used to know.'

'Yes, I know him, and we do resemble each other.'

'You know Tommy Harris? Well, bless my soul! How is he?'

'Getting along fine. He was elected county clerk last fall, has a nice home all paid for, and married one of the finest girls in the country.'

'Well, isn't that splendid!' said the old man, rubbing his hands and smiling, first at one visitor and then the other. 'That is what I call good news. I knew Tommy when he wasn't getting along so well, and you don't know how good I feel to hear of him. I've only heard once since he went away, and that was five years ago.'

'Yes, I know Tommy very well,' said Harris; 'know his history, and he says he owes everything to you.'

'Oh, pshaw!' said the old man, deprecatingly 'I didn't do much—just tried to encourage him a little.'

'When Tommy was here eight years ago,' said Harris, turning to Johnson, 'he was at the bottom, if ever a fellow was. His health had failed so he had to give up his job in the

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shops, and he had no money or friends on whom to depend. One evening, when things were at their worst, he came home early, the first time in many weeks. His room was not a place a fellow would hurry back to. There was a bed that had not been changed for a month, a broken stand, a smoky lamp, a cracked washbowl, one chair, and a bare floor. Tommy sat down on the edge of the bed and shivered while he tried to decide. There were just two things, so he thought, to choose between. One to plunge into crime and go to the devil as fast as he could—the other was—the river.

'There was a knock at the door. A man he had known slightly at the shops came in. He did not offer any excuse for coming, just sat down and visited two or three hours; and if Heaven ever deals in medicine, it certainly had put cordial into that bluff, hopeful voice.

'Tommy put off the decision. The old man came again and again. In a little while the young man had told the whole story of poverty, sickness and despair.

'"Well," said the old man, "you can't work in the shops any more; that's a fact. Do you know anything else?" The young man did not.

'"Why don't you go to school, and fit yourself for business or a profession?" he asked, after a minute of deep study.

'"That is easy," laughed the young man, in a dismal strain.

'Well, sir, that fellow never let up until he had won Tommy over to the plan to go to school, and then he went to the bank and borrowed money at ten percent to pay the young fellow's way.

'Tommy has a pretty home now, and every evening there is a curly-headed little chap who puts his head on the lap of the sweetest, happiest woman in the world, and says, "Dear Lord, please bless papa and mamma and Uncle Archer."'

The old man had turned his face away and was surreptitiously rubbing his eyes.

'And it is really you, is it, Tommy?' he said, as they rose to go.

'Yes, it really is,' said the young man, gripping his hand.

'Boys,' said Archer, and he tried very hard to keep his voice steady, 'you don't know how happy I am.'

They were silent for three or four blocks.

'I think I see what you meant,' said Johnson. 'The reward often comes back when not expected.'

'No,' said Harris, 'you still miss it. The reward is not in what comes back, but what stays. It is the power he has to feel as he did to-night.'

He That Tholes Overcomes.

An old house in Edinburgh had fixed above the outer door the motto, 'He that tholes overcomes.' A boy who day after day passed that way read the legend again and again, and said he afterwards, 'I made up my mind to thole.' To thole is a pithy old Scotch word, signifying to bear with patience. The lad became one of the founders of the famous firm of Chambers, the publishers. His success was won because he was able to 'thole.'—'League Journal.'

The Spectator.

'Who,' asked Uncle Dick, 'is that pretty girl in brown—the one that is enjoying it all so hard?'

Marjory's glance, puzzled and curious, followed her uncle's. When it discovered the 'pretty girl in brown,' the perplexity changed to astonishment.

'Why, it isn't—you don't mean Patty Preston!' she exclaimed. 'Patty's a dear,—we all love her,—but nobody in the world ever called her pretty before.'

'Are you sure?' Uncle Dick asked, with an odd smile.

Marjory looked at him keenly. She was proud of having an uncle who was a famous author, so that all the girls were eager to meet him, but quite aside from that, she adored him for himself—none the less, perhaps, that he was sometimes a little baffling.

'Why, I never heard of anybody who thought so,' she answered, slowly. 'But she "is" a dear. She wanted to be in the play—of course everybody does want to,—it's the biggest honor of the year, but she couldn't for some reason. I think she couldn't afford the costume, only of course nobody dared ask. So instead she helped everybody else get ready, and seemed just to "love" seeing the others do things, and—well, look at her now!'

'I've been looking,' Uncle Dick answered. 'I haven't been able to look at anybody else—scarcely even on the stage. It's a wonderful thing to have a genius for being a spectator, Marjie. Most of us have to be one most of our lives, but few of us make such a success of it: it demands too much—humor and sympathy, and insight and unselfishness, and a fine sense of proportion, among other things. I'd like to follow up that girl's life.'

Marjory said nothing, but she put it away to think over. She thought over it at various times during the next three years as she watched Patty Preston. When the three years were over and commencement came, and Uncle Dick came with it, she had made a discovery or two.

'Why don't you ask about your pretty girl in brown?' she inquired, after she had taken Uncle Dick everywhere.

'I've been waiting for you to tell me,' he returned, promptly.

Marjory laughed, but the shine in her eyes was not from laughter.

'She is still a spectator,' she said. 'She was called home the middle of the year by her father's illness, but she is coming back to-morrow to see the class—her class—graduate. I know just how she will look—it makes a lump come into my throat to think of it. But, Uncle Dick, you were wrong—she "isn't" a spectator. She will not have a diploma, but she is down in the very "heart" of things—and of us. She has things that no diploma could possibly mean.'

Uncle Dick merely smiled, but the smile looked as if he was pleased over something.—'Youth's Companion.'

How He was Bound.

'I wish I were as free as you are,' said Morris to Earl. The two young college chums were having a confidential chat one evening. One of them was kept at college under certain very strict conditions. His father would support him there only as he observed the required regulations as to class standing, expenses, athletics and other matters. The other student had money in his own right, and was under no outside restriction. It seemed to Morris that Earl had the most perfect liberty imaginable. 'You can do exactly as you please,' he said, with a shade of discontent in his tone, and a great deal of envy.

'Well,' said Earl, in reply to all this, 'I am free only in a way, you must remember. I am bound, too, as truly as you are, but as strongly, every bit.'

'I don't see how, grumbled Morris, skeptically.

'You know, said Earl, seriously, and a little sadly, 'that my father is gone, and my mother leaves to me the control of my own money; but my father bore an honored name, and wished his son to uphold it. My mother trusts me utterly. Morris, I am honor-bound to do right, and to make the very best of myself while I am here, and always. I am not free to please myself. It seems to me that there cannot be a stronger bond than to be honor-bound. I should hate myself if I broke through that; that wouldn't be comfortable, you know, since I have to live with myself always.'

Morris looked up quickly. 'I hadn't thought of things in that way before!' he exclaimed. 'Why, as to that, Earl, I am in honor-bound too.'

'I think you are,' said his chum, quietly.—Selected.

The Boys of Turtle Camp.

(Fay Stuart, in the 'Morning Star.')

'I can't find a chum in Elmdale, mother,' argued Royal earnestly.

'Perhaps you are too critical. You can not expect to find another friend just like Paul,' answered Mrs. Vernon.

'But you believe in keeping good company. Eugene Austin and Harry Parker smoke cigarettes. Donald Covert cheats in his lessons, Luke Raymond swears, and so do the others.'

'The doctor's son?' suggested his mother.

'Oh, Allan Hamilton is good enough, but he's too bashful to get acquainted! I wish father never had come here to preach,' and Royal kicked the hassock by way of emphasis.

His father looked up from a book. 'It's a puzzle, isn't it, Royal? We have the boys; now let us make some cultured chums out of them.'

'I'd like to know how, father?'

'That is what we have to solve,' replied Mr. Vernon.

One morning, Royal and his father went down back of the parsonage with a load of posts and boxes. At the edge of the pond beyond their orchard they began to erect a low building.

'What are you making?' asked Eugene Austin.

'A club house,' said Vernon.

'Huh! You aren't getting it round. It'll look like that snapping turtle!' commented Luke.

'Thank you, Luke,' said Mr. Vernon. 'You have given me a first-class idea.'

At last the building was complete. It was oval shaped; the low roof was stained black with bright yellow spots, and had a queer projection reaching toward the pond, like the head and neck of a huge turtle. From this floated a flag.

His mother and sister Laura planned the cozy room. A table, draped with red, held many books. There were chairs, an old sofa piled with bright pillows, pictures on the walls, and violets and Mayflowers upon the shelf.

Then Royal invited the boys to Turtle Camp. 'I'll read the rules,' he said, 'and any boy that will sign can belong.

'1. We will not taste intoxicating liquor, not even cider.

'2. We will not use tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes.

'3. We will not use profane or unclean language.

'4. We will be honest in word and deed, at school and elsewhere.

'5. We will be courteous to all, especially to ladies and old people.

'6. We promise to help each other keep these rules.'

'Suppose we forgot and kept breaking them?' asked Donald.

'Then you'd have to return this red badge to father. He owns this camp,' replied Royal.

'I'll sign; any decent boy would,' decided Allan.

Eugene looked doubtful. 'I'll sign if Donald does,' he agreed. Henry and Luke stayed outside, but a peep at Royal's air rifle, target, and dumb-bells, fascinated them, and soon all six names were signed.

Words can faintly describe the good times at Turtle Camp. Such tramps as they had through meadows and woods with Mr. Vernon, searching for wild plants! The boys learned many interesting facts about birds and flowers.

Fourth of July was celebrated in royal style with a clambake, ball game, plenty of noise from dawn till dark, skyrockets, and red fire!

Then came the hot, drowsy August days.

'I say, Luke,' said Henry from the old sofa, 'I had a cigarette yesterday.'

Luke reluctantly closed 'The Pathfinder.' 'Royal will not stand that, Henry.'

'Well, I'm tired of being a white angel.'

'It's hard sometimes, but I've tried to keep my promise. Let's finish this week, anyway.'

'Well, next week I'll smoke double, then.'

'O boys!' cried Royal, 'just see this beautiful boat that Uncle Ivan brought me! He knows all about fishing and baseball; and he's going to help us make some real Indian bows and quivers!'

'Hurrah for Uncle Ivan!' shouted the boys, and Henry determined to be a white angel a little longer.

'There's only one trouble with Elmdale,' said Mr. Vernon, a year later. 'Royal must have chums.'

'Why, father!' exclaimed Royal, 'you never saw nicer chums than the Turtle Camp boys. You solved that puzzle in grand style.'

True friendship is a religious experience—a holy sacrament. It is a refining and enrichment of mind and heart, a preparation for larger living and wider relations with spiritual beings. Yes, that is the central thing; we are to meet as pure spirits, and this should be a kind of apprenticeship for heaven.—Charles Gordon Ames.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

'I was gliding over the Lüneburg Heath,' the Moon said. 'A lonely hut stood by the wayside, a few scanty bushes grew near it, and a nightingale who had lost his way sang sweetly. He died in the coldness of the night: it was his farewell song that I heard.

'The morning dawn came glimmering red. I saw a caravan of emigrant peasant families who were bound to Hamburgh, there to take ship for America, where fancied prosperity would bloom for them. The mothers carried their little children at their backs, the elder ones tottered by their sides, and a poor starved horse tugged at a cart that bore their scanty effects. The cold wind whistled, and therefore the little girl nestled closer to the mother, who, looking up at my decreasing disc, thought of the bitter want at home, and spoke of the heavy taxes they had not been able to raise. The whole caravan thought of the same thing; therefore, the rising dawn seemed to them a message from the sun, of fortune that was to gleam brightly upon them. They heard the dying nightingale sing: it was no false prophet, but a harbinger of fortune. The wind whistled, therefore they did not understand that the nightingale sung, "Fare away over the sea! Thou hast paid the long passage with all that was thine, and poor and helpless shalt thou enter Canaan. Thou must sell thyself, thy wife, and thy children. But your griefs shall not last long. Behind the broad fragrant leaves lurks the goddess of Death, and her welcome kiss shall breathe fever into thy blood. Fare away, fare away, over the heaving billows." And the caravan listened well pleased to the song of the nightingale, which seemed to promise good fortune. Day broke through the light clouds; country people went across the heath to church: the black-gowned women with their white head-dresses looked like ghosts that had stepped forth from the church pictures. All around lay a wide dead plain, covered with faded brown heath, and black charred spaces between the white sand hills. The women carried hymn books, and walked into the church. Oh, pray, pray for those who are wandering to find graves beyond the foaming billows.'

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

'I know a Pulcinella,'* the Moon told me. 'The public applaud vociferously directly they see him. Every one of his movements is comic, and is sure to throw the house into convulsions of laughter; and yet there is no art in it all—it is complete nature. When he was yet a little boy, playing about with other boys, he was already Punch. Nature had intended him for it, and had provided him with a hump on his back, and another on his breast; but his inward man, his mind, on the contrary, was richly furnished. No one could surpass him in depth of feeling or in readiness of intellect. The theatre was his ideal world. If he had possessed a slender well-shaped figure, he might have been the first tragedian on any stage: the heroic, the great, filled his soul; and yet he had to become a Pulcinella. His very sorrow and melancholy did but increase the comic dryness of his sharply-cut features, and increased the laughter of the audience, who showered plaudits on their favorite. The lovely Columbine was indeed kind and cordial to him; but she preferred to marry the Harlequin. It would have been too ridiculous if beauty and ugliness had in reality paired together.

'When Pulcinella was in very bad spirits, she was the only one who could force a hearty burst of laughter, or even a smile from him: first she would be melancholy with him, then quieter, and at last quite cheerful and happy. "I know very well what is the matter with you," she said; "yes, you're in love!" And he could not help laughing. "I and Love!" he cried, "that would have an absurd look. How the public would shout!" "Certainly, you are in love," she continued; and added with a comic pathos, "and I am the person you are in love with." You see, such a thing may be said when it is quite out of the question—and, indeed, Pulcinella burst out laughing, and gave a leap into the air, and his melancholy was forgotten.

'And yet she had only spoken the truth. He "did" love her, love her adoringly, as he loved what was great and lofty in art. At her wedding he was the merriest among the guests, but in the stillness of night he wept: if the public had seen his distorted face then, they would have applauded rapturously.

'And a few days ago, Columbine died. On the day of the funeral, Harlequin was not required to show himself on the boards, for he was a disconsolate widower. The director had to give a very merry piece, that the public might not too painfully miss the pretty Columbine and the agile Harlequin. Therefore Pulcinella had to be more boisterous and extravagant than ever; and he danced and capered, with despair in his heart; and the audience yelled, and shouted "bravo, bravissimo!" Pulcinella was actually called before the curtain. He was pronounced inimitable.

'But last night the hideous little fellow went out of the town, quite alone, to the deserted churchyard. The wreath of flowers on Columbine's grave was already faded, and he sat down there. It was a study for a painter. As he sat with his chin on his hands, his eyes turned up towards me, he looked like a grotesque monument—a Punch on a grave—peculiar and whimsical! If the people could have seen their favorite, they would have cried as usual, "Bravo, Pulcinella; bravo, bravissimo!"'

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

Hear what the Moon told me. 'I have seen the cadet who had just been made an officer put on his handsome uniform for the first time; I have seen the young bride in her wedding dress, and the princess girl-wife happy in her gorgeous robes; but never have I seen a felicity equal to that of a little girl of four years old, whom I watched this evening. She had received a new blue dress, and a new pink hat, the splendid attire had just been put on, and all were calling for a candle, for my rays, shining in through the windows of the room, were not bright enough for the occasion, and further illumination was required. There stood the little maid, stiff and upright as a doll, her arms stretched painfully straight out away from the dress, and her fingers apart; and oh, what happiness beamed from her eyes, and from her whole countenance! "To-morrow you shall go out in your new clothes," said her mother; and the little one looked up at her hat, and down at her frock, and smiled brightly. "Mother," she cried, "what will the little dogs think, when they see me in these splendid new things?"'

(To be Continued.)

PULCINELLA ON COLUMBINE'S GRAVE.

* The comic or grotesque character of the Italian ballet, from which the English 'Punch' takes his origin.

'The Song of the Brook.'

'I started—oh! so long ago,
No one remembers when!
And I've been singing, as I flow,
For every day since then.

'For every day? Oh, no, I'm wrong;
Sometimes quite still I keep,
And do not sing my little song—
For I am sound asleep.

'But when the days are long and hot,
I sing, and sing, and sing;
While in some cool and shady spot
The cows lie listening.

'And out and in, and in and out,
From shadow into light,
The little fishes dart about
And chase the sunbeams bright.

'And though to watch the fishes play
I'd like to stop awhile.
I haste along my winding way,
O'er many a pleasant mile.'

Gliding 'neath o'erhanging rushes,
Bubbling o'er a pebble round,
Whirling past a stone and flowing
Into spots no man has found.

Peering into fishes' dwellings,
Hiding 'neath the grasses long,
Flowing, flowing ever onward
Goes the brook with murmuring song.

'MAYFLOWER.'

U. S., N.S.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Lullaby Ship.

(Margaret Brooks, in the 'Home Magazine.')

'A ship is sailing for Lullaby Land;
And what may the cargo be?
'A woolly dog and a china cat.
'A trumpet of tin and an old torn hat.
Are ready to go to sea.

For Lullaby Land her sails are set—
(O pray ye the winds be true!)
She will gently glide 'cross the sea of Dreams,
'Mid the moonbeams bright and the starlight gleams,
'Neath the skies of sapphire blue.

Now 'All aboard for Lullaby Land!'
(One tiny traveller to go)—
The woolly dog and the trumpet of tin
Two chubby hands have folded within,
While a golden head droops low.

Fair Lullaby Land is reached at last;
The captain's duty is done—
By her sweet low voice, and her face so fair,
She has sailed the ship—the rocking chair—
To the land of the Setting Sun.'

May's Prayer.

Written by a little girl for the 'Northern Messenger.'

'Good morning, little May. How quickly you got dressed this morning. You did not wait for mother to tie your hair-ribbon and fasten your dress.'

'No, mother. Alice is coming right after breakfast, and I was in such a hurry that I did things myself.'

'But daughter, your dress is only half buttoned and your hair-ribbon is not tied at all. You cannot go to breakfast table until you are properly dressed. Did you forget your prayer, too?'

'Oh yes, mother. I was in such a hurry that I thought God would excuse me this morning. I'll say a good long prayer to-night, I am sure God won't care.'

'Why, May,' answered mother, 'suppose I should say, I'm in such a hurry this morning, I will not give May any breakfast, but to-morrow I will give her a good big one. What would you think of me? Would you care?' 'I guess I would think you did not love me much, mother. Do you think God really cares if I miss one day?' 'You need God's care every day, May, and don't you think that if you did not come and kiss mother good morning every day, she would feel sad? Don't you think she would wonder why you did not love her much?'

'But mother, there are so many children to pray to God that maybe He would not miss me for I am only so little.' 'You are wrong there, dear. God wants even your love and you need God wants even your love and you need His care. Come dear, kneel down here and ask God to help you to do right to-day. But first of all thank Him for His loving care, then I am sure you will have a much happier day than if you had asked God to wait until to-morrow.'

May did not want to say her morning prayer. Her mind was so full of the

The Ducklings.—A Lesson.

Just look at that party of ducks,
A gay little party of five;
Away they go to a pond,
For their morning's dip and a dive.

On the bank their poor mother hen,
Loud cackling, stands calling them back,
'You will certainly break my heart
If you drown there before my eyes!
Why will you not scratch for nice corn,
Not seek for those horrid big flies?'

She makes herself hoarse with her cries,
But all to no purpose I deem;
To alter the nature of ducks

'SHE MAKES HERSELF HOARSE WITH HER CRIES, BUT ALL TO NO PURPOSE I DEEM.'

But the only answer she gets
Is a very juvenile quack.

'My darlings! my darlings!' she cries,
'You will drown in that water deep!
Don't wander away from my side,
To dry land I beg you will keep.

A difficult matter would seem.

As experience taught the hen,
This story may teach you and me,
That when we can't alter some things
'Tis far better to let them be.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

good time she was expecting to have when Alice came, but she looked up in mother's face and saw such love and sweetness there, that she got on her knees, and, putting her face in her mother's lap, asked God to forgive her for asking Him to wait. When she rose her face as so bright. She ate her breakfast and played all day long with a very happy feeling in her heart.

—E. E. Dowling.

Put-off Town.

Did you ever go to Put-Off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble-down,
And everything tarries and everything drags?
With dirty streets and people in rags?
On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait,
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late,
With unclean hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty sister named Don't Care.
Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown;
And Old Man Lazy lives all alone
Around the corner of the street Post-pone.
Did you ever go to Put-Off Town
To play with the little girls, Fret and Frown,
Or go to the home of Old Man Wait,
And call for his boys to come to the gate?
To play all day in Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet;
To stop, or shrink, or linger, or frown,
Is the nearest way to this old town.

—Selected.

Just a Little Yellow Dog.

Ben was a worthless, yellow cur, but the baby loved him. They always played together. Their favorite spot was the meadow. There in the tall grass one could see the baby's bobbing pink sunbonnet and close at hand the dog's waving tail. In July the grass was ripe, and the baby's father brought out the mower and set to work in the hay-field.

The men had made the circuit of the field twice, when Ben sprang from the grass into the horses' faces. When the mower stopped, he stood before it, barking excitedly. The man tried to drive him away, but Ben, usually an arrant coward, stood his ground in spite of kicks and blows. The hired man returned to his seat and started on, determined to proceed even if the machine killed the dog. But Ben, divining his intention, grabbed him by the leg and dragged him to the ground.

The baby's father came hurrying up. Ben ran to meet him, and then bounded into the uncut grass. The father followed. There, just a few rods ahead of the mower and directly in the path of the sickle, lay the baby, fast asleep.

—'Record.'

Her Friend.

There is nothing like a staunch friend. At a 'home' in the country which the children of the slums are allowed to visit for a short term in the summer the following incident occurred. A party of a hundred of the youngsters were on their way back to the city. The attendant noticed that one of the girls, Rosie, was walking clumsily. A writer in the New York 'Tribune' tells the story

When the attendant heard a chorus of gibes all aimed at little Rosie, she saw that the girl was wearing a pair of shoes of large size. Then the attendant remembered that Rosie had had a new pair of shoes, and the little girl was asked about it.

'Well,' said Rosie, 'you see, the shoes aint mine. They're Katie's. I know they're awful big, but her mamma aint had any work lately, so she could'nt buy her a new pair. She just gave her own shoes to Katie.

'Katie felt awful bad about it, and cried all the way to the station. The girls all laughed at her. So I just lent her my new ones and took hers.

'You see, teacher,' said Rosie, raising her eyes to the attendant's face, Katie's my friend.'

Quick Eyes.

Most little boys and girls would like to be of some use in the world, but sometimes it is hard to know how.

The boy who has quick eyes will see when papa wants a book from the library, and get it without waiting to be asked. He will see when mamma wants something from the store, and offer to run such an errand before he goes off to play ball.

The girl who has quick eyes will see when grandmamma wants her needle threaded, and will do it so promptly and quietly that grandmamma will feel as if fairy fingers were helping her to sew. The girl with quick eyes will see when baby is restless, and will gently care for its wants, and thus often help mamma.

The boy or girl with quick eyes will see when teacher is tired, and will be so still and attentive in the classroom that she will feel that her scholars are actually helping her to teach.

There are many things that we can do to help others, if we only have quick eyes. Let us be as useful as we can, and we shall find that life grows sweeter and happier the longer we live.

—'Apples of Gold.'

The Careless Child.

There was a careless little maid
Who sat with toes turned in,
Until it really grew to be
Her most be-setting sin;
Which mortified her mother,
And horrified her brother,
And caused the deepest sorrow
To her Kith and Kin.

What cured her of this dreadful trick
You scarcely could surmise—
An instantaneous photograph
Which took her by surprise
With feet well in the foreground!
Where they'll never more be found,
She says, in that position
Till the day she dies.

—Elizabeth L. Gould, in 'Saint Nicholas.'

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Temperance

Drink.

A Satire.

(John Grey, in the 'Temperance League Journal.')

Drink—for you help the already rich;
Live or die—it matters not which,
So long as the brewery shares hold good:
Drink and maintain them—as all men should.

Drink—never heed what your wife may say;
The brewers are great men—who great as they?
So you cannot refrain from supporting them:
Drink—and what matter if children 'clem.'

Drink—for the public-house is fine;
It's far better furnished, friend, than thine.
Drink—and provide its light and its fire;
You can stay, 'while you pay,' as you desire.

Drink—for you drown the voice within,
The voice which convicts you, oft, of sin;
Drink—for your clothes are old and rough,
But you will not care, when you're drunk enough.

Drink—for 'your' home is poor and bare—
No warm fire lit, no comfort there.
You have drunk the furniture all away,
And there's been no dinner, oh, many a day!

Drink—why care if you live or die?
You are helping 'The Trade' to still live high.
So drink—until your money is gone,
Then, 'out "you" go,' and the world wags on.

Advice to Young Men.

Young men, you are the architects of your fortune. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Strike out. Assume your own position. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry before you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Love God and your fellow-man.—Noah Porter.

Teetotalers Like Sweets.

In the tropics sweets are both a medicine and a food. They are a medicine in that they create a distaste for alcohol, or, to be more accurate, diminish or eradicate the thirst. Those who are in a position to be considered authorities assert that the use of sound sweets creates a dislike for that stimulant.

Scientists have noted, too, that men with a strong taste for sweets are seldom addicted to alcoholism.

What the Drunkard Relinquishes.

There's my money—give me drink! There's the clothing, and food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the storekeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink for yet more; I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind; there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian; I give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the good and true, there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I give up all that I may be drunk!—'Boston Pilot.'

Temperance Festival Song.

(W. P. Crawford, Glasgow, in the 'Temperance Leader.)

With a festival strain
We now welcome again
Each friend of the cause we revere,
While we merrily will sing
Of the health-giving spring
That flows from the hill cool and clear.

Then gaily let us sing,
Till hill and valley ring,
And echo swells the joyful strain we bring;
And the merry notes prolong,
Of our happy, festive song,
In praise of the beautiful spring.

See its bright, sparkling glow,
Hear its soft, rippling flow—
A blessing to all it doth bring,
While the heart it maketh glad,
And the hearth never sad;
Then sing of the beautiful spring.

With what sorrow we think
Of the poisonous drink:
Alluring, doth still rapid flow,
Spreading ever on its tide,
Want and woe far and wide—
O! may we its spell never know.

Let us earnestly pray,
And work while 'tis day,
With a hope in our heart that ere long,
By the faithful efforts made,
The dark flood will be stayed,
Then victory shall be our song.

Two important helps in temperance reform: Guard against other kinds of vice; encourage other kinds of virtue.

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The Baby Boy at the Window.

(Grapho, in the 'Advance.')

A few days ago a picture was shown me which made me sigh. It was the photograph of a baby boy whom I used to see at a window a couple of years ago. He was in the arms of his mother who watched him with a smile and the pride of first motherhood. When I passed he turned his beautiful brown eyes toward me and half consciously returned my greeting. The little fellow always seemed to be studying the moving procession, and the pageant of the outside world. It was all new to him, as new as to the first man, and as it will be to the last child born. There was only one object which he seemed really to know, and that was his mother. Of her he felt certain. She was shield, protection and high tower. Into her arms he shrank when something startled him, and to her face he turned when he wanted an explanation of a passing object. It made me think what I have often thought, that to the infant in arms the mother is heaven and earth. All light and love come down out of her face into its face, and her love and look and smile and sweet words awaken the attributes of its dawning personality, as the spring sunshine calls all the sleeping grass and buds

and blossoms into being. Mothers need to be very good and very great, for they touch life at its most plastic and potential stage.

They tell us that a child learns more the first year of its life than in any one year which follows. How much this baby boy learned that first year I cannot tell. What he had come to think of passing men and women, of children who ran and shouted, of the houses which rose like a wall against the West, of the blue sky which arched the opening above, of the rain drops which pattered against the window, of the wind which whistled or moaned, no one can tell. He never could have told himself, for that is a year of unwritten, unknown history. I wonder that men are so positive about the first year of the world's existence when they can have no definite, conscious knowledge of the first year of their own existence. But this child never added another year to his knowledge. For when the second summer came there lurked in the shadows of warm night that grim presence which has stricken terror to many a mother's heart. Love and skill struggled hard and the heart clutched at hope, but the child died. That was what made me sigh when I saw the picture. He stood now only at the window of memory. The great world looked just the same; the city was quivering with its mighty throb; the procession passed along the street, and other children ran and shouted, but he was never to be a part of it. Passion will have its play, men will struggle upward or fall downward, and the waves will heave and toss on the troubled sea of humanity, but whatever the achievement, progress, victory, gain or loss, his hand will not be in it, his foot will not walk on the onward path, or his voice join the shout of triumph. I do not wonder that a mother weeps when her baby boy dies, for not only is the topmost blossom plucked from her heart, but all the possibilities of the years die with him. Instead of the hope of coming youth and young manhood, and noble effort and the crown of success, there is only blank space. Tears stain the page, twitching hands crumple the leaf and lay it away, and nothing more is written. The book is closed.

And yet I am reminded that there can be something worse than death, and the taking away in a little white coffin. I stood myself this very morning at a window, sighing as I looked. A hearse and two carriages were driving up in front of a house three doors from my home. And then came men from the house with a coffin and slid it into the hearse, and the family gowned in black quietly entered the carriages. The chill of winter was on the streets and more dreadful seemed the chill on their hearts. The ground was mantled with snow, white and pure as once the heart of the dead girl when her mother clasped her as a babe to her bosom. Above the great trees spread their bare branches toward the sky as empty as the mother's arms. They almost seemed to be joining in a piteous plea to heaven for a new earth where it will not be so dangerous for girls to live.

The hearse and the carriages were the closing scene in a tragedy which has filled the sensational columns of the daily press. For in the coffin was the body of the young woman who committed suicide at Milwaukee after having eloped with a heartless scoundrel. She left a piece of paper on which she had written, 'The way to heaven is easy.' But it only meant, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' The man is in jail and should go to prison for the rest of his days. A joyous young life is closed in dark disaster, and the mother is bound to a sorrow which can never be dismissed until memory is bathed in the waters which wash the shores of another world.

One thought struck us hard when we saw that coffin driven away. We said that it would have been better if that daughter had gone to her grave while the smile of infancy still lingered on her lips.

We water the little graves with our tears, but there are other graves which are filled by tragedies whose sin and shame not all the rain of the sweet heavens can wash away. As between the two, little graves are better. What of sickness, of sorrow, of sin, of dismal tragedy, or dark deed, will come, we cannot tell. The great God above knows, and we must rest on that. He also knows what fields of unfolding for the little life lie in worlds beyond our vision, and in that there is vision, and in that there is hope.

But this we do know, and we ought to make it a more vital concern—we know that this should be a better world. It is too dangerous. Mothers ought not to live like the startled and hunted deer trying to hide her fawn from the beasts of prey. As men and women civilized out of savagery and professing to be Christianized, we have no right to leave our streets lined with these open doors to drink and degradation and ruin; and we have no right to leave young girls of our great cities, or smaller cities, so slightly protected when changing conditions of business and the relations of the sexes are so manifestly increasing temptation. And there must be a more determined effort to deepen religious conviction, and to put new strength and high resolve into human hearts.

Three times a day Daniel opened his window towards Jerusalem. Looking that way he had hope. The world needs to be stood over by the window which looks Heavenward.

* * *

'Usefulness is the badge of true knighthood.'

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to.—Anon.

About the House.

Nests of crisp lettuce leaves or water cress or cups made of tomatoes, cucumbers or green peppers, when used for serving salads, add much to their appearance.

A delicious sweet to serve with a luncheon-course is made by dipping oblong crackers in melted sweet chocolate. Place them on a buttered plate until firm and dry.

The addition of soda to fresh vegetables gives them an unnatural color, which is repulsive and destroys the natural flavor. The natural color may be preserved by leaving the cover off the vessel in which they are cooked.

The best method of making lemonade is to pour water that has been allowed to come just to the boiling point over the lemons and sugar, then put it on ice to cool. To make each quart, use the juice of three lemons, an eighth of a pound of powdered sugar and a scant quart of water.

Green beans make an acceptable pickle. Do not 'string' or break them. Cook until tender in salted water, pack in fruit-jars with a sprinkle of mixed spices and cover with boiling vinegar. Add a small bit of alum to each jar.

To make a French dressing, put one half of a tablespoonful of salt and one-fourth of a tablespoonful of pepper in a bowl, add three tablespoonfuls of oil and stir until the salt is dissolved, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar gradually; stir all the while. Stir until the vinegar and oil are thoroughly mixed, and served at once.—'N. W. Christian Advocate.'

Is thy friend angry with thee? Then provide him an opportunity of showing thee a great favor. Over that his heart must needs melt and he will love thee again.—Richter.

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Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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W. W. CORY,
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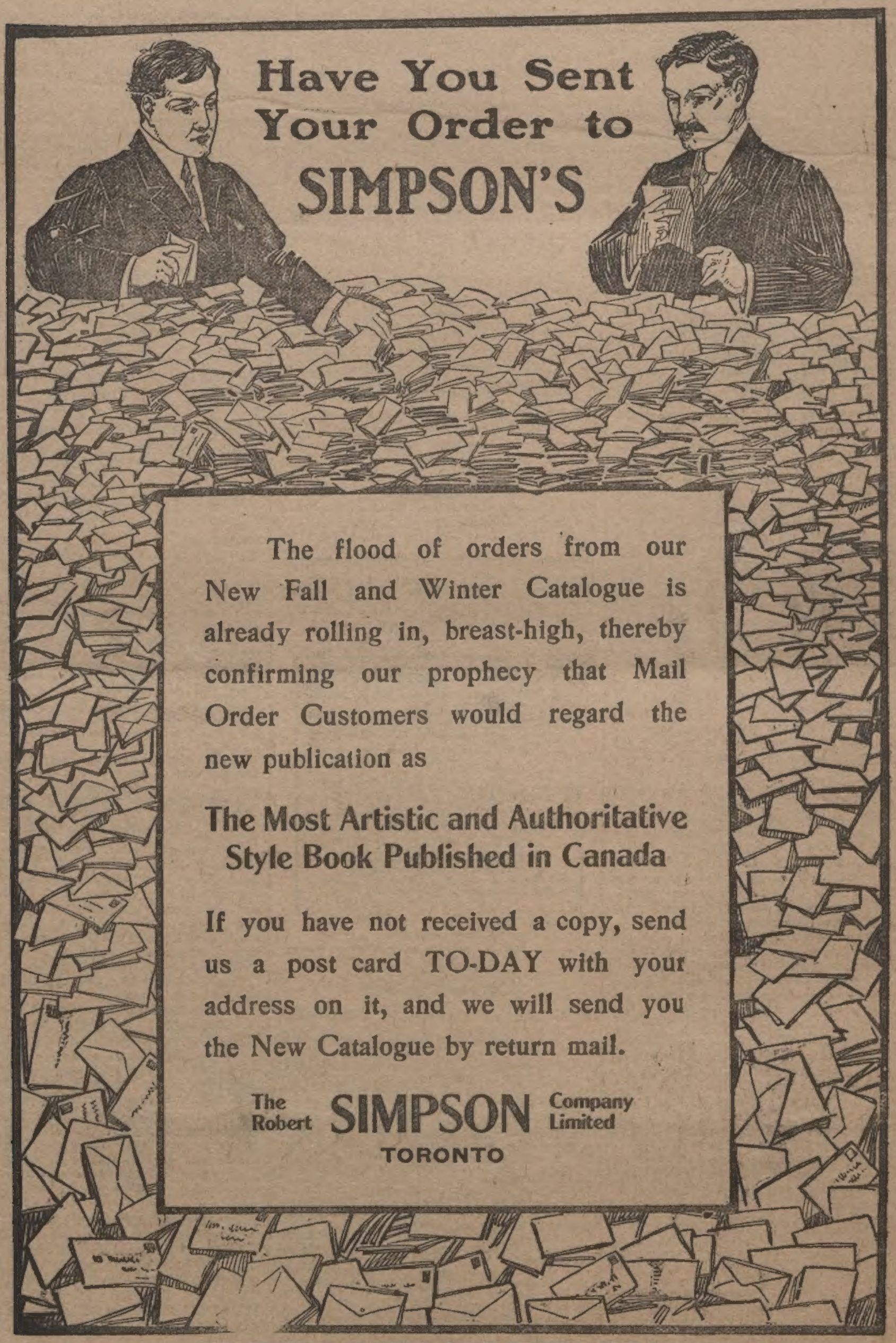

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